

DOTHAN'S POPULATION: 1890, 247; 1900, 3,275; 1910, 7,016; 1920, 20,000. "FOR I HEARD THEM SAY, LET US GO TO DOTHAN."

VOLUME 8

DOTHAN, ALABAMA. MONDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9, 1914.

NUMBER 1

Expect North Sea Naval Battle Soon

London, Nov. 9.—A big naval battle is expected in the North sea in a few hours. The Turkish fleet has escaped from Bosphorus and news that the Russian fleet has sailed from Sebastopol indicates the Russians are determined to wipe out the Turk fleet and stop attacks on Russian ports.

Russian raiders are also active and Sunday bombarded Koshu and Sogla in Asia Minor. Russians sank four Turkish transports, one of which carried troops.

Turkish Forts Crumble Under Bombardment

Athens, Nov. 9.—Turkish forts at Sedil, Bahr and Kounkale, at western end of the Dardanelles, are slowly crumbling under the bombardment of British and French warships, according to a wireless message received here. A number of excursions have occurred inside the forts.

Cotton Ginned Shows Increase Over Last Year

Washington, Nov. 9.—The government cotton report shows 9,828,696 bales of cotton from the 1913 crop were ginned up to November first, compared with 8,830,394 last year.

RUMORS OF AUDITORIUM UNREST IN INDIA MAY BE READY

Contractors Believe Auditorium Will Be in Readiness for State Sunday School Convention in Dothan Next April.

London, Nov. 9.—The European situation is overshadowed today by rumors of unrest in India. It is thought officials attempt to minimize the danger. It is admitted that a call to "Holy war" issued by the head of the Mohammedans has had its effect on the people of Great Britain's chief dependency.

The Hindus have also seized opportunities to call upon their followers to throw off the rule.

There are now in India eighty-nine thousand native troops. Against these, if an uprising comes, England has seventy-five thousand white troops.

No Reply From Carranza To Peace Ultimatum

Agua Calientes, Mexico, Nov. 9.—No reply has been received from Carranza to the ultimatum of the peace conference demanding he resign the provisional presidency. The time limit is up at noon tomorrow, after which time troops will be sent to capture Mexico City.

TITLED WOMAN SEWING FOR RED CROSS



Duchess of Westminster at her sewing machine making Red Cross garments for the wounded British soldiers. The duchess is a favorite in America and made many friends here last June, when she accompanied her husband, the Duke of Westminster to the international polo matches at Westbury. The Duke is now at the front with his regiment.

Secretary Leon Palmer, of Montgomery, to be inaugurated throughout the city says that the woman who attend the convention each year generally take advantage of the opportunities offered to do shopping. If this is true, over \$12,000 will be spent in Dothan, for local merchants are progressive and will have attractive displays for the trade.

The Birmingham News, in Saturday's issue, has this to say about the next annual convention in Dothan:

Plans Being Made.

"Leon C. Palmer, General Secretary of the Alabama Sunday School Association, has returned to Montgomery after a conference with members of the Chamber of Commerce of Dothan, regarding the State Sunday School convention in that city, April 7, 8, and 9, next.

Arrangements were completed for the \$1,500 financial canvass by representatives of the Chamber of Commerce in co-operation with the County Sunday School Association. This fund is to be subscribed by the business men, commercial houses, restaurants, etc., of the city for purpose of arranging for and advertising the State Sunday School Convention.

"In view of the thorough preparation that is being made, and the extensive advertising campaign that

Genesee, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Henry Seigel, former merchant prince and head of the Seigel stores, was placed on trial today charged with grand larceny in connection with the failure of his enterprises.

Although Seigel formerly controlled millions, the amount in the indictment is less than seven hundred dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McNeill of Mobile, Ala., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. McNeill.

Russian Soil About Cleared Of Invaders

Petrograd, Nov. 9.—The general staff announced today that all Germans and Austrians have been driven from Poland except in the extreme eastern and western parts.

This practically clears Russian soil of invaders.

Owing to Russian victories the Germans are drawing troops from the western theatre of war to increase their forces operating against Russia.

AMERICAN ROAD CONGRESS MEETS IN ATLANTA TODAY

United States Senator John H. Bankhead and Miss Mary O'Dell, National Men to Speak to Roads Delegates.

About five thousand men interested in good roads are here today for the sessions of the Fourth American Road Congress, which will continue throughout the week. There was a large amount of enthusiasm observed about the place where the delegates congregated. Probably no State was not represented. Atlanta has made elaborate arrangements for entertaining her visitors. The city has been decorated at great expense.

Forty-seven national and State road associations are taking part in the congress, prominent being the American Highway Association, the American Automobile Association, the American Bar Association, the American Bankers' Association and the National Civil Service Reform League.

Many railroads have put on special trains for the congress and the good roads of Georgia have been tested by hundreds of motor cars bearing the delegates here.

Besides the addresses and discussions there are many social features and exhibitions covering 40,000 square feet of floor space. The United States Government exhibit comprises accurate models of every type of road from the imperial road of ancient Rome to the modern boulevard and county market road.

Among those expected to address the congress are Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway; L. W. Page, director of the United States office of public roads; United States Senator John H. Bankhead; Representative Dorsey W. Shackleford; Representative Wm. P. Borland, and may State commissioners of highways.

This afternoon Governor and Mrs. Stiles gave a reception in the Georgia State Capitol to the delegates, visitors and their families. All the Atlanta clubs are keeping open house for the delegates.

This is the first meeting of the American Road Congress in the south and is a recognition of the great energy and progress that has been made in that section in the movement for improved roads. In 1913, about \$40,000,000 was expended by southern states on their public roads, in addition to the labor of thousands of state convicts. Georgia alone had her entire convict force numbering nearly 6,000 engaged in road construction.

The tremendous importance of guarding against extravagance in road expenditures is shown by the

FACTS SOUGHT ABOUT DOTHAN

Chamber of Commerce Received Queries from North Dakota, Texas and North Alabama, Which are Answered.

Despite the temporary depression in the South on account of the low price of cotton, Secretary N. T. Cobb of the Chamber of Commerce has received a number of queries within the last few weeks about Dothan and this section of the State, which have been answered.

Parties from Texas, North Dakota and North Alabama have written the Chamber of Commerce for information concerning the vast opportunities offered in this section.

The Freeport (Ill.) Journal, standard one of the leading dailies of the Middle West, in a recent issue, carried an interesting account of the Dothan fair and the general progress that is being made in the community. The Chamber of Commerce as well as the Dothan citizenship is grateful towards this Mid-West paper for its courtesy.

WANT WAR DECLARATION IN HANDS OF PEOPLE

Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—The third fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was held here today. The feature of the executive committee's report was a declaration that the power to declare war be put in the hands of the people.

W. H. Hall, Editor and Proprietor.

W. G. Bauchler, Business Manager.

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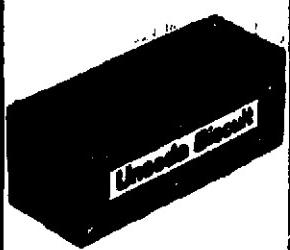
Monday, November 9, 1914

A WASTE OF WORDS.

By Walt Mason.

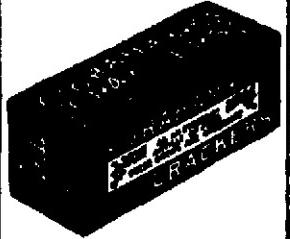
One of the most curious things in the world is the fact that any person may claim the work of another as his own, and at once have a respectable following. John A. Joyce, a man who wrote files of doggerel without ever approaching real poetry, came forth with the claim that he wrote "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," the most popular of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's productions, and thousands of people took his word for it and believe to this day that he wrote it. The controversy concerning the authorship raged for years, and hasn't entirely died out yet. The claim of Joyce is absurd. In all his tons of doggerel there is not one line in the same class with the disputed poem, while Mrs. Wilcox has written several poems as good, and possessing the same style and feeling. People should consider this when trying to decide between rival claimants. For years Esther Clark has been accepted as the author of "The Call of Kansas," a poem known to practically every man, woman and child in the state. The one who doesn't know it should be ashamed. She wrote it in California, and neglected to have a notary public present at the time, to testify to her authorship. This is a common negligence of authors. When you are going to write an immortal poem, you should call in a notary or Justice of the peace to watch you while you do it, and frame the proper affidavits. The Clark poem has been recited in every corner of Kansas for years, and has appeared in every newspaper, and a man would need to hide in a well to escape being familiar with it. But along comes a Mrs. Carr—probably the Carr of Juggernaut—with a silly story to the effect that she wrote the poem a considerable time before it appeared under Esther Clark's name. She affirms that some locoed school superintendent used the poem a considerable time and the poem appeared in the Hutchinson Gazette long before Esther thought of being homesick in California. Of course the copy of the Hutchinson Gazette, in which it is alleged to have appeared, is missing. It probably went to heaven in a chariot of fire. But the school superintendent says Mrs. Carr's story is true. He recited the poem many times before Esther wrote it. This silly story is ridiculous, yet so many Kansas people have accepted it as the truth that Miss Clark has been placed on her defense, which is a dirty shame. If that school superintendent used the poem in his business, as he says, what has become of all the people who heard him recite it? Some of them must have been struck by its beauty, and must have remembered

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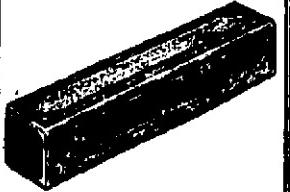
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Always look for that Name

it. If it really was published in the Hutchinson Gazette before Esther wrote it, that issue of the Gazette must have consisted of one copy only, and that copy must have been burned immediately upon leaving the press, for such a poem published anywhere in Kansas, would attract attention. Let somebody write another poem as good, and publish it in the most obscure paper in Kansas, and it will be famous in a week. You can't hide such light under a bushel. The school superintendent must have been reciting "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," and in after years couldn't distinguish it from "The Call of Kansas." The best evidence that Esther Clark wrote the poem is the fact that she has written others as good. Read her little book of poems and you will find several which are gems of purest ray serene, and, if you are a judge you will note at once that their style and workmanship are identical with the style and workmanship of "The Call of Kansas." Read her poem, "The Mother" and you will see the same true, tender sentiment which characterizes her more famous poem. But Mrs. Carr of Juggernaut has never written anything but flapdoodle. She says she has been writing for the press for years—and during those years she didn't know that "The Call of Kansas" was famous!—and she never produced anything that had attracted the slightest attention. She was absolutely unknown when she blabbed up with her foolish story, yet hundreds of people, with a perversity hard to understand, at once accepted her as the author of the state's best poem. After such an

longer wonder that so many wrong headed people refuse to believe in Shakespeare, and pin their faith to Bacon.

THE EXCLUSIVE SET.

The Frx.

When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impetuous son of the earth is struck by lightning, and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to the Other Side of Town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once, know them no more forever. They do not say good-bye—the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate road of them in the Social Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone faded and swallowed up in the misty past; that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty; that past of youth and hope; and the end for which they toiled and longed for has come. The golden gates have opened; they have moved to the Other Side of Town.

Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more (say in Buffalo) make hot haste to live on Delaware Avenue; in Pittsburgh, it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid Avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth Avenue; in New York, Uptown. And in these social migrations, there is something pitiful; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will; and to be forced back by Fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime.

When a rich man—say in Albany, Syracuse or Boston—loses his money and his family has to come down, the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his club, his solid plate; he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty-five dollars a week, and his wife is doing her own work; and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school.

Ah, me! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble!

HERE IS WHAT GENERAL SHIRTMAN SAID:

"I confess without shame that I am sick and tired of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and incinerated, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell!"

START ON YOUR COTTON CROP.

You fellows who must have a crop of cotton another year are losing time by not starting now. It matters not, whether you have sold this year's crop. If you have been raised on cotton, and want to keep making cotton because your father made it, then start now. Plow under the cotton in the field and begin for it will take 12 months to make it and gather the crop.

Kind words are benedictions—Saunders.



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Sweet Home.

Mr. Husband, can you have this song in reality? Well, you can not if you have not provided a HOME FOR YOUR WIFE. (Now men see a minute.) Do you want to own a home or is it your intention to always RENT THE OTHER FELLOW'S HOME? If you have decided to get back normal and get out of the old rut and save what you are now paying the other fellow, COME TO SEE US. We have homes from \$1250.00 to \$10,000 that we can sell you on a small cash payment. The rest on THE EASY PAY PLAN.

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ALLIES REPULSE NIGHT

ATTACKS ON GERMANS

Paris, Nov. 9.—Increase in German activities in the northern sphere is reported. Three night attacks on the Allies at Arras were repulsed.

A series of artillery duels are progressing from the Belgian frontier to Arras. The battle of the big guns along canal LeBasse is said to be the most terrible of modern warfare.

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Justice of the Peace
Beat 2.

Office at the Court House.

Court held every Monday.

Phone 449.

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a good farm for sale. Send cash price and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. \$11.1p

E. J. WEATHERS
Justice of the Peace
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Court days each Thursday

Afternoon.

Dothan, Alabama.

LOST—Dark bay horse mule, weighs about 1100 lbs, is 7 years old, 16 1/2 hands high. For reward notify R. J. Watford, Taylor, Ala. Rt. 1. tpp

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A Trip Through Battle Scared France

By a Correspondent.

Paris, Nov. 8.—The great glory of the French highway is its trees. They soar from its border like the pillars of cathedral aisles, a definite resemblance often completed by the double row of columns on each side and the tracery and vaulted arches of the green room high overhead.

Where I now passed through the village of Huineau, whose ghastly ruin I found perched on the west bank of the Marne just south of Vitry. It had perhaps, 100 to 150 houses, a factory and a church. One cottage alone was intact. Of the rest, only black and gaunt walls reared themselves from a chaos of bricks, furniture and charred beams. In the churchyard, a notice board still protruded from the mountain of consecrated debris with the ironical legend: "Rubbish must not be dropped here."

A few old people were slowly raking over the rubbish-heaps in the houses in sad and hopeless quest of something dear to them; and here I saw a dramatic picture that is burned forever on my memory. As I led my bicycle through the obstacles that still lay about the road, an old, old woman saw me approach, and with the shreds of intelligence left her by horror and senility she recognized me as a stranger—someone, not French.

Just behind here there still stood the blackened framework of a door—all that was left of her home. Still responsive to a primeval and eternal instinct, she backed hastily into the empty doorway, leaned one arm on it, and watched me pass with a dark mistrust born of the Prussian terror. Behind her, only a heap of rubbish remained of the sanctuary she had long known and still claimed.

The few household effects that had escaped the fire were being collected into a cart; Huineau was no more. It was a common enough sight to me in the next few days—to common to bear repetition—but not, perhaps, to quite the same last limit of destruction.

You may imagine that I went hungry hereabouts. At seven that morning I had had coffee and crusts—there was no butter. At one or two villages on the road they had laughed ironically when I inquired for a cafe or restaurant. It was now one o'clock.

Several times I had to dismount and lead my bicycle around the edge of great yawning holes in the road caused by big shells—holes that reached from side to side of it, holes in which you could have buried a horse and a cart. The body of a fine horse still lay on the roadside with terrible indications of the death agony.

It was difficult to get into Vitry-le-Francois itself—difficult by reason of inquisitive soldiers, and sentries, who seemed to wonder greatly how I had got there at all, difficult by reason of clinging mud that choked my brakes and mudguards, and had to be dug out; by reason of direction plates shot away or purposely obliterated.

Smart, intelligent officers, challenging me last of all as I crossed the Marne and reached the better-welcomed town at two in the afternoon.

Although the name of Vitry-le-Francois was on everybody's lips for a week, although it was taken, lost and retaken by the Germans, with the fiercest of hand-to-hand fighting in the streets, it was obviously never shelled, and beyond bullet marks and broken windows it showed no marks of the destructive Prussian path. Yet it was a stricken town. Only one or two shops

Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

adv

honeycomb shelters for prostrate riders. Of many things in those trenches one does not care to write. But I picked up several postcards written there, and couched in terms of tenderest affection, postcards indescribably obliterated and never to be posted.

Total disaster overtook the village of Huineau, whose ghastly ruin I found perched on the west bank of the Marne just south of Vitry. It had perhaps, 100 to 150 houses, a factory and a church. One cottage alone was intact. Of the rest, only black and gaunt walls reared themselves from a chaos of bricks, furniture and charred beams. In the churchyard, a notice board still protruded from the mountain of consecrated debris with the ironical legend: "Rubbish must not be dropped here."

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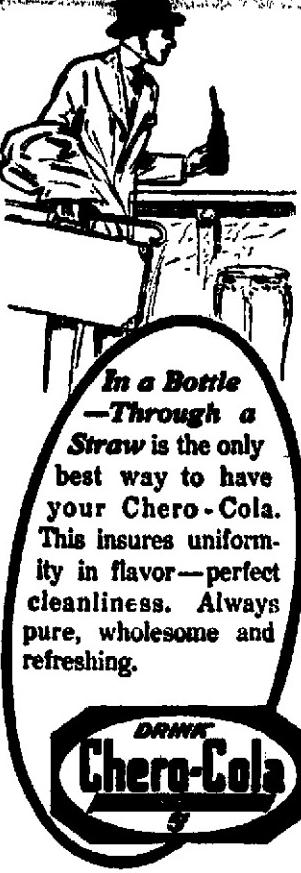
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Ravenously hungry, I sought the daughters and three sons.



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"appointed hotel" of the Touring Club de France. It was "closed till further notice." An officer whom I appealed to indicated a small restaurant in a remote corner of the public square. His expressed fear of a vain quest was well-founded. They had only bread to offer, but told me of a small grocery hard by, where a joint of cold veal was being sold slice by slice. Hastening thither I was just in time to secure the fag-end, the person's nose, so to speak.

At the Marne bridge I passed again the officer who had disputed my entry. This time he smiled, and I stopped for a chat. I saw him stop a couple of soldiers who were carrying between them a big basket of freshly dug potatoes, doubtless destined for the mess-pot, and I heard him sharply insisting that all such "helpings" must be paid for. He appeared to take it for granted that no such payment had been made, having probably an intimate knowledge of those predatory infantrymen's financial resources, and it hardly appeased his wrath when the culprit pleaded that the owners of the garden had fled from the district.

WOMEN SHOULD TAKE WARNING

If the statement made at a New York assembly of women, that healthy American women are so rare that they are almost extinct, is true, it is time for the women of America to take warning and look to their health. It may be headaches, backaches, dragging down pains, nervousness, mental depression, that are tell-tale symptoms of some organic derangement for which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a simple remedy made from roots and herbs—is a specific and may be relied upon to restore women to a healthy normal condition.

MRS. SARAH BOX DIES OF PNEUMONIA

Mrs. Sarah Box, aged 67, died at her home on North street Saturday night. She was taken ill with pneumonia about ten days ago, and thus caused her death. The burial services were held at Mount Pleasant church, near the city, Sunday afternoon.

The many friends of Mrs. Box will regret to hear of her death. She had been a resident of Dothan for many years. Mrs. Box is survived by her husband, J. P. Box, who is 86 years old, and by four

Washington, Nov. 8.—The Memphis Southern Common Carrier, Kansas and Texas Railroad, lost its suit against the government for sixty one million dollars, the value of three million acres in state Commerce Commission today Oklahoma alleged to have been granted to the railroad.

GERMAN TAKE NEW OFFENSIVE

Paris, Nov. 8.—It is officially announced the Germans have taken a new offensive against Dixmude, but their attacks there and at all other points along the line have been repulsed.

Marshal J. W. Baker of Columbia, is here today.

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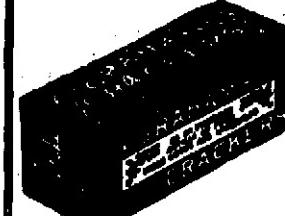
A WASTE OF WORDS.

By Walt Mason.

One of the most curious things in the world is the fact that any person may claim the work of another as his own, and at once have a respectable following. John A. Joyce, a man who wrote lines of doggerel without ever approaching real poetry, came forth with the claim that he wrote "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," the most popular of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's productions, and thousands of people took his word for it and believe to this day that he wrote it. The controversy concerning the authorship raged for years, and hasn't entirely died out yet. The claim of Joyce is absurd. In all his toms of doggerel there is not one line in the same class with the disputed poem, while Mrs. Wilcox has written several poems as good, and possessing the same style and feeling. People should consider this when trying to decide between rival claimants. For years Esther Clark has been accepted as the author of "The Call of Kansas," a poem known to practically every man, woman and child in the state. The one who doesn't know it should be ashamed. She wrote it in California, and neglected to have a notary public present at the time, to testify to her authorship. This is a common negligence of authors. When you are going to write an immortal poem, you should call in a notary or justice of the peace to watch you while you do it, and frame the proper affidavits. The Clark poem has been recited in every corner of Kansas for years, and has appeared in every newspaper, and a man would need to hide in a well to escape being familiar with it. But along comes a Mrs. Carr—probably the Carr of Juggernaut—with a silly story to the effect that she wrote the poem a considerable time before it appeared under Esther Clark's name. She affirms that some locoed school superintendent used the poem a considerable time and the poem appeared in the Hutchinson Gazette long before Esther thought of being homesick in California. Of course the copy of the Hutchinson Gazette, in which it is alleged to have appeared, is missing. It probably went to heaven in a chariot of fire. But the school superintendent says Mrs. Carr's story is true. He recited the poem many times before Esther wrote it. This silly story is ridiculous, yet so many Kansas people have accepted it as the truth that Miss Clark has been placed on her defense, which is a dirty shame. If that school superintendent used the poem in his business, as he says, what has become of all the people who heard him recite it? Some of them must have been struck by its beauty, and must have remembered it.

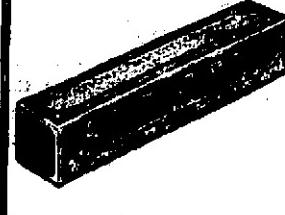
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ed it. If it really was published in the Hutchinson Gazette before Esther wrote it, that issue of the Gazette must have consisted of one copy only, and that copy must have been burned immediately upon leaving the press, for such a poem published anywhere in Kansas, would attract attention. Let somebody write another poem as good, and publish it in the most obscure paper in Kansas, and it will be famous in a week. You can't hide such light under a bushel. The school superintendent must have been reciting "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," and in after years couldn't distinguish it from "The Call of Kansas." The best evidence that Esther Clark wrote the poem is the fact that she has written others as good. Read her little book of poems and you will find several which are gems of purest ray serene, and, if you are a judge you will note at once that their style and workmanship are identical with the style and workmanship of "The Call of Kansas." Read her poem, "The Mother" and you will see the same true, tender sentiment which characterized her more famous poem. But Mrs. Carr of Juggernaut has never written anything but flapdoodle. She says she has been writing for the press for years—and during those years she didn't know that "The Call of Kansas" was famous!—and she never produced anything that had attracted the slightest attention. She was absolutely unknown when she bolded up with her foolish story, yet hundreds of people, with a perversity hard to understand, at once accepted her as the author of the state's best poem. After such an

longer wonder that so many wrong-headed people refuse to believe in Shakespeare, and pin their faith to Bacon.

THE EXCLUSIVE SET.

The Fra.

When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impetuous son of the earth is struck by lightning, and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to the Other Side of Town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once, know them no more forever. They do not say good-bye—the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the Social Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone faded and swallowed up in the misty past; that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty; that past of youth and hope; and the end for which they toiled and longed for has come. The golden gates have opened; they have moved to the Other Side of Town.

Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more (say in Buffalo) make hot haste to live on Delaware Avenue; in Pittsburgh, it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid Avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth Avenue; in New York, Uptown. And in these social migrations, there is something pitiful; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will; and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime.

When a rich man—say in Albany, Syracuse or Boston—loses his money and his family has to come down, the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his club, his solid plate; he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty-five dollars a week, and his wife is doing her own work; and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school.

Ah, me! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble!

HERE IS WHAT GENERAL SHERMAN SAID:

"I confess without shame that I am sick and tired of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families, appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and mangled, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell!"

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Kind words are benedictions.—Saunders.



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Mr. Husband, can you have this song in reality? Well, you can not if you have not provided a HOME FOR YOUR WIFE. (Now let's see a minute.) Do you want to own a home or is it your intention to always RENT THE OTHER FELLOW'S HOME? If you have decided to get back normal and get out of the old rut and save what you are now paying the other fellow, COME TO SEE US. We have homes from \$1250.00 to \$10,000 that we can sell you on a small cash payment. The rest on THE EASY PAY PLAN.

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